The CHIMES

June Issue

SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE CHIMES

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The Editorial Staff is most deeply appreciative of the spontaneous support of those pupils who have submitted articles and stories for our school paper. We should have a much larger list of contributors. To produce the best possible school paper we need the varied talent of the whole school. Send in something for the next issue.

DON'T KICK

In Scituate High of late, we have had a good opportunity to compare the schedule of a working man with our tiresome school routine. We are now able to compare our day with that of the men who are working on the field in back of the building, and it makes us realize how easy our schedule is compared with that of those who drop school.

The men have been at work an hour or more when we arrive. We ride to school in palatial busses; they pedal here on some ancient bicycle. We never have to work longer than forty minutes at one task; they struggle under a pickaxe or systematically drive a tractor back and forth all day. We continually discover our new abilities; they have but few opportunities to increase their minds. Although they get here earlier and stay later, they don't have a recess every two and a half hours as we do. Of course they work in the open air; but is air filled with thousands and thousands of particles of dust better than that of a clean, well-ventilated building?

This is just one example. Any working man follows a regular routine which is more severe than ours. The rich man may do about as he wishes now, but he certainly followed a routine while earning his millions.

Therefore, don't kick! No matter what we do in life, we are bound to have routine, and probably we shall never have an easier schedule than we're having right now.

JOHN PROUTY '26

THE CASTLE OF LIFE

I sing a little song of praise to the noble Knight, I'll Try, and his fair lady, I Can. Their castle called Life, stands on the high hill of Endeavor. It is staunch and firm on its rocky foundation, built in the dim forgotten ages of the past by the master mason, Strong Character, and furnished and decorated by the great firm of Will, To-do and Dare. Age does not detract from its great beauty. Though many a storm of sorrow and adversity has passed over it, and again and again the legions of Lord Discouragement and Baron Hate have assailed its portals, not a stone has fallen from its massive walls.

The good knight sits by his warm fireside of Good-Cheer, waited upon and served by his faithful retainer, Will Power. His gentle lady runs the castle with the assistance of her well trained maids, Effort, Application, and Perseverance. All the custodians of the castle watch with loving care over the children of the house, I. Will and I. Shall.

Always must they be on guard against the wicked bandits from the hills that surround them. Their leader, I. Can't, is a persistent villain, striving always to kidnap the children.

The gypsy, I. Won't, is forever calling, calling on his magic flute, outside the wall where the I-do roses bloom. He would lure them away, that his wife Envy might destroy their clear true vision.

These evil ones are filled with hatred for all those who reside within the castle, because of the golden shower of good gifts and love that seem to be forever falling at their feet. They plot with the witch, Malice, to carry away little I. Will and I. Shall and force them to share the grim fate of their own sons, Procrastination and Shiftless; but the castle walls are high and hard to climb, and are guarded night and day by the sons of Will Power and his little wife, True.

Great-hearted hospitality the knight extends to all real friends, and all he asks of them is that on their departure from the castle each guest shall lay a stone upon the wall, of some noble deed or kindness, some worthy thought or endeavor, some tenderness or faith, that he may always hold in keeping as a remembrance of their visit to the castle of Life.

HAZEL G. EATON '26

"WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME"

"When my ship comes home" is an expression that is heard everywhere. What wonderful things will happen "when my ship comes home." But are you going to sit idly on the shore patiently waiting and wishing for the first glimpse of those silken sails on the horizon?

"For no one's ship comes drifting in
Who only dreams about it."

There may be joy, it is true, in the unexpected arrival of your ship laden with the unknown treasure. But your ship may never reach port; and isn't there as much, if not more, pleasure in filling the ship yourself, and in being confident of its safe arrival. You can anchor your ship in a safe harbor with a sigh of contentment, after safely steering it yourself through rough and stormy seas, after guiding it unerringly past treacherous rocks and hidden dangers.

"For each one's ship comes sailing in,
If he helps Fate to bring it."

Fate may not be a very competent sailor and your ship may be wrecked on foreign sands, never reaching its destination. Build your own ship, if you wish. Determine yourself its material and size. Then load it with a cargo of your own selection, and help Fate to guide it. Though it may be a long, long journey homeward, your vessel will reach port.

Some of your cargo may have been lost in storm or fog, but the best will still be safe, and perhaps, tucked away as a surprise for you, there will be something more precious than jewels or gold—happiness.

HELEN HEALY '26.

APRIL

April is the month of the needful showers, that bring the Mayflowers. The wells are full to the top and running over with fresh, icy water. The birds are singing their spring songs as they fly joyfully to their work. It is a month of happiness. Jack Frost comes no more and in his place comes the favored Goddess of Spring, arrayed in the silky white of the budding flowers. The cool, refreshing rains bring new life to the struggling plants, as they hang withered and frost-bitten by the merciless March winds. There are no more icy toes or frost-bitten ears, but sunburned faces and burning feet. There is no more sliding or fancy skating, but high diving and fancy swimming. What a happy feeling in the fresh warm breezes and the glistening sight of a first rainbow!

WALLACE RICHARDSON '27

THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE AGE

We are now living in the "cross-word puzzle age" or the "jazz era." What is this age? Is it that our progressiveness has carried us too far; or have extremists, who are always with us, given to jazz the name it has acquired? One reads occasionally in the daily paper such shrieking headlines as, "Are Cross Word Puzzles Usurping Modern Life?" "Is Dancing Ruining The Younger Generation?" "Is the Present Generation Being Spoiled By Their Jazz-Filled Existence?" The newspapers usually leave us to decide. My ob-

servation is that jazz and cross-word puzzles are not harmful if taken in conservative doses.

And yet we still have people that insist upon using that short phrase, "in my day." What betrays the unprogressive mind more! How often is the younger generation restricted by it! If we live in the past, we cannot help being extremely conservative. It also works the other way; if we live in the present, we cannot help being progressive.

Be *progressive* in a *conservative* way.

H. ALEXANDER '25

LOOKING BACK

Old Father Time seems to be speeding up his hours and days as we near graduation time.

Senior days are always busy ones, and this year they seem to be just one flurry of bustle and excitment. The girls in one corner are busily planning their graduation wardrobe, while the boys in another corner plan just as busily their future work or study.

But, in the midst of all this delightful anticipation, let us look back upon the past four years.

First we see ourselves as bewildered freshmen, striving to become acquainted with the shifting classes and responsibility of high school life. In our first year we scarcely noticed the upper-classmen. This was because we were too busy, or else we considered them too lofty to deign to speak to us.

Our sophomore year we gradually emerged from our preoccupation, and began to take an active interest in school affairs. We held candy sales in order to increase our finances, and finally we gave the freshman class a party which we considered our crowning achievement. We were fast becoming an important part of Scituate High—so we thought, at least.

Our junior year. Ah, a happy memory of good times and fun. It truly seemed that we were the jolliest class in the whole school. We worked hard and played hard, and the result was that every junior became a senior at the end of the year.

But now we come to our senior year. Every member of our class seems to walk a little more assuredly than he did a year ago. We enjoy more freedom and privilege than before, and we all are looking steadfastly toward the future.

In the meanwhile we are enjoying our happiest and perhaps saddest year in the Scituate High School. Happy because we are all full of life and fun; sad because this is our last year.

Many under classmen think that this deep feeling at leaving high school is silly sentimentality. We all thought so once, but now as graduation day approaches, there comes a tightening in our throats, and there is an intermingling of both sadness and joy.

As we think back over the years spent in the Scituate High we feel that, taken all in all, we did not have such a bad time after all. Indeed, some of us expressed the wish that we were able to stay four more years within these walls.

We know that our conduct at all times has not proved a bed of roses for the teachers. But we can truthfully say that none of our misconducts were malicious.

We have tried to boost our school and its enterprises, and we are now, and always will be, loyal to Scituate High.

A SENIOR

ALUMNI NOTES

The following letter from an Alumnus of the Class of 1911 was recently received. It is an inspiration to the members of the school to know that the former graduates take an interest in them, and we should be pleased to hear from any other members of the Alumni Association from time to time.

BARBARA BROWN,
Alumni Editor

April 27, 1925

Editor, THE CHIMES,
Scituate High School,
Scituate, Mass.

As an alumnus of the Class of 1911, I wish to congratulate Scituate High School on its success in editing and publishing THE CHIMES.

The Town of Scituate is indeed fortunate in numbering among its High School students those whose ability and efforts have produced such an excellent publication. The make-up itself, in artistic design, simplicity, and appeal, is enough to "sell" the offering to any reader.

As a civic undertaking, THE CHIMES is worthy of the support of every citizen of Scituate. Its influence will be far broader than may now be realized by its creators. Such a school-organ cannot help but convince strangers that Scituate is a live town and has a real High School. Scituate has reason to be proud of its young citizens who have chosen this method of putting the town in the front rank of progressive communities.

I cannot but smile when I think how different the present High School is from that of 1911. Our present accepted theories and practices in educational methods would have aroused only ridicule and scorn in 1911, and that was only fourteen years ago! Who can foresee the progress which will be made in the next fourteen years?

Fourteen years! What changes have taken place in that brief span? As I read THE CHIMES the names of present students are for most part strange to me. Those whose names I recognize, I recall as little boys and girls when I was living in Scituate. That was eight years ago — before war with Germany was declared. It is hard to realize that Scituate has undergone so many changes in eight years. To me, no doubt, having been away from Scituate, these changes are more apparent.

As for myself, since leaving Scituate, there is little to be said. Discharged from the U. S. Army in December 1919, a Captain of Infantry, I spent the next three years in Chicago, Ill. as Assistant Manager in charge of sales for the Liquid Carbonic Company. I have since been with the Standard Oil Co. of N. Y. at Albany and Utica and am now in charge of Operation and Construction in the Utica Division. Have been married five years and have a daughter who says she was "three in October."

It would give me pleasure to hear from my old school-mates. Letters c/o Socony, Utica, N. Y. will always reach me promptly.

For the benefit of those who may remember me only for my failings, let me say that I am still a "hunting fool" and hope I may always be so classified!

Sincerely yours,
STANLEY B. WADE

LITERARY

A CHANCE

"Well, Harrington, what's your opinion? In other words, who did the dirty work?"

"I guess there's no doubt about it. Barnes crowded him against the fence."

"Heaven knows, I hate to say it about any man, but I can't see any way of getting 'round it, he killed him. It's practically murder, tho' of course it won't be called that."

"But you know he might not have realized that it would happen. He might have thought there was room."

"Yeh, he might have. You can't tell me that any jockey who's been riding over five years doesn't know that he can't crowd two horses on the home stretch without two inches between 'em, and not send one against the fence pretty darn hard."

"That race meant a lot to Barnes, didn't it?"

"I guess it did. He's got a lot of debts piled up against him. Besides, his mother's old and poor and I guess all his

money went to her. He's had a streak of bad luck lately. Hasn't won a thing. Yes, I guess that race meant a lot to him, all right."

"Then you can't blame him so much, but it's awful for a man to be driven to that sort of thing." A look of understanding came into Harrington's eyes. He too had hard work to make ends meet.

"Now, here's the way I look at it," his comrade continued. "There's a right an' wrong and every man knows the difference. If he don't, why does a burglar steal at night and cover his traces? Well, when Barnes pushed that boy off the track he knew it was wrong. He knew the consequences. But he knew it was right to stay behind to lose the race, to starve probably. He knew that he'd be fired if he lost, and he was afraid to think of the days following. He was afraid to face Death. But any man worth living would die of starvation before he'd live, a murderer. That's the way I see it. Barnes knew it was wrong. Got to go now. 'Bye." And that ended the conversation.

Laurie Harrington rose and walked slowly to his boarding place. He climbed the steep stairs to his little four-story room, took off his coat, ran his fingers through his hair, and sat down upon his cot, staring straight ahead of him. But he did not see the old, veneered bureau, the bare wall with cracking plaster, nor the uncurtained window. He saw once more the jostling crowd, the gay colors of women's clothes and jockeys' blouses, and the glossy coats of the high-bred colts. Now silence, the forming of the line upon the track,— the race was on. He was riding with tight rein, not pushing his horse. He had his orders and the race was between Black Prince and Ladybird. Now the home-stretch. He, sure of his place, raised his eyes to watch the fight for first. Another colt is running neck to neck with Black Prince. Ladybird is behind. Does he see rightly? Is Barnes madly whipping Ladybird's flank, sending her with a wild dash between the two three-year olds. He is trying to avert his eyes. Oh, God! ! A crash, a struggling mass of horse and rider, a piercing scream of agony—

He raised his head and his eyes were wild and flaming; his hands trembled. He stood a moment with clenched fists. A jockey's life was hard and lasted only five or six years. Oh, well, it was all part of his work. He put on his coat and hurried down stairs. The dinner gong had sounded hours before.

* * * * * *

"Can I speak to you, Mr. Harrington?" Laurie opened the door and Mrs. Green, the landlady, came in. He knew why she came; he knew the only reason she ever forced her overfat person to climb four very steep flights of stairs.

"Now, Mr. Harrington, I want my room. You ain't paid your rent fer about two months and I got a gentleman as'll pay cash down fer it any time's it's empty. Now, what's you got to say?"

"I'll, I'll pay you next Tuesday, Mrs. Green."

She still stood there. She had heard those promises before. He leaned against the bureau, strumming his fingers upon its surface. Then he turned suddenly with drawn face and blurted out, "Oh, what's the use. I can't pay you next Tuesday, nor Wednesday, nor Thursday, or any other day."

Mrs. Green looked at him with a cold stare and said, "Well, you ken stay here to-night. But you got to get out in the morning. I'm not so rich as I ken let people live in my rooms fer nothin'." And with that she left the room.

Laurie sat down dejectedly. He had begun to feel a little faint. No food and but little sleep for twenty-four hours, do not give a man strength. Neither does worrying about how to obtain them in the next twenty-four hours; and Laurie had no money and no room after this night. He thought he had better get a little sleep. He was to ride next day. He would get a small sum which would last a couple of days, for coming in last on a colt whose racing days were over. And what after that was gone? The next day's race finished the season at Churchill Towns, and all the southern race tracks. The winner's stakes were several thousand. If only he were riding a possible winner! He would come in first at all prices, even Barnes' price. The words "There is a right and a wrong and Barnes knew he was wrong" came into his mind. Oh, Heavens, why should a man starve simply because he was afraid to take a chance. Nothing would happen. But he couldn't win anyway so there was no use in imagining. But if he were riding a winner.———

* * * * * *

Next day the crowd jostled and pushed against the fence of the Churchill Downs track. Men shouted to one another, jockeys hurried to and fro, and horses whinnied and stamped.

Meanwhile, Laurie Harrington was standing confronted by a large, stout man with a very red face. Both men were silent. At last the jockey stammered, "You mean that I'm to ride Montford II?"

"I sure do and you're rather slow in grasping the fact that you've got to ride the best horse in my stables. Get a move on. It's almost three. Murphy, wait a minute." And the big man hurried off to talk with one of the trainers.

As Laurie went toward the stables, he felt a bit dazed. He, he, Laurie Harrington, second-class jockey at the best, was up on Montfort II. His resolutions of the night before rushed into his head. Here was his chance. Life was but a chance—and yet—no, he was not afraid! He would do it if needs be.

That night he would have two thousand dollars in his pocket and his name in every newspaper in the South.

His resolve did not leave him as Montfort II danced upon the starting line. At the gong, he tore up the track like a whirlwind. But Romance and Hannibat had taken off well, too; and they were ahead. Laurie bided his time. He thought of the gruelling home-stretch, and he carried less weight than they. He wondered who was up on Romance. The figure looked familiar, the jockey had been changed at the last possible moment. He gave his attention to his horse. It was the last time around with Romance, and Hannibat still ahead. Montfort II was not tiring; now was the time to pass. But there was only a small space between the colts. Should he take the chance? Two thousand dollars or no money, no food, no bed? "But a man worth living would rather die of starvation than live a murderer." Laurie tightened rein and Romance crossed the finish line first with Hannibat a close second.

As he dismounted, Laurie glanced curiously at the jockey surrounded by newspaper-men and admirers. The man was Barnes.

* * * * * *

As Laurie climbed the four flights of stairs, he stumbled wearily. He reached his room, picked up his bag and started to leave. The bed looked so comfortable. If only he might lie down upon it and sleep for hours. He suddenly realized that Mrs. Green was beside him. He must leave. She was probably there to prepare the room for its next occupant. But instead of objecting to his presence, she put a telegram into his hand. He unfolded it mechanically and read it. Then he read it again, and again. He must be dreaming! Heir to almost a million dollars? Impossible! But it was true, true, true. He started to tell the good news to Mrs. Green and discovered that she was no longer beside him.

Laurie sat quietly with his head in his hands and from his heart went up a prayer of thanks to God that because of his lack of courage that little tragedy on the race-track a few months before had not repeated itself that day.

RAY ELLIS '26

PAL

George Brent, the young station master, was asleep; yes, asleep at the switch. Only the big, brown collie lying at his feet knew why his master was asleep.

It was almost half past eleven; soon the mid-night train would go flashing by! Would it go by? Only God could answer that question.

Putting his paws on his master's knees, the collie whined as if he was trying to awaken him. A wistful expression came into those large, brown eyes. For although he was only a dog, he knew that never again would he, or any other human being, awaken his master.

Earlier in the evening two masked men had entered the station and while one held the dog and man at bay with a gun, the other had cracked the safe. The robber, enraged at finding only worthless notes, shot the young station master, killing him out-right. Then with his companion, he disappeared into the night. True, the dog had fought bravely in defense of his master. His right paw, which was broken and covered with blood, was proof of that.

The toot of a train was heard sounding faintly in the distance. The dog's ears twitched, for he had heard the whistle. Giving his master one more glance, he limped painfully from the room.

On came the train. The people in its cars were laughing, and talking, not knowing how near death was.

As the dog neared the switchboard, he tried to run, as if he knew the lives of many people depended on his strength. Giving a leap, he took the handle of the switch in his teeth. He pulled! His teeth slipped! Still the handle did not move. Again, and again, he tried. Each time his leap was lower, and his grasp on the handle was feebler, for the collie was weak and sick from the pain of his foot, and the loss of much blood.

Louder, and yet louder the whistle of the train was heard. As the train neared the curve by the station, the darkening eyes of the dog lighted up with hope. He leaped! He pulled! The handle of the switch moved.

As the train came thundering into the station, the collie fell across the tracks too weak to save himself. The merciless train, stopping for nothing, rolled over his body.

* * * * * *

In yonder churchyard lie the bodies of a man and a dog, who loved each other living, and died for the same cause.

CHRISTINE JESSOME '28

EXPERIENCES TEACHES

"Now, Don, lemme have that swing."

"No, I won't, Betty Jackson. G'wan away from here. Can't a fella have some peace?"

"Huh! All you do is sit down in that swing and read 'bout ole Buff'lo Bill," she grunted disgustedly. "What'cha wanna read them for?"

"I'm not readin' Buff'lo Bill. I'm readin' Jesse James' Revenge," he ended in a lofty tone.

"Aw, what's the diff? They're all crazy anyway. Come on now. Ma wants you to do an errand."

"She does not. I know you. If I went to see if Ma wanted an errand, you'd get in this swing. I know."

"You think you're smart. Gimme that swing."

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"Betty, Betty and Don. Come here a moment," called a quavering voice from the sun parlor. The swing which Betty and Don were quarreling over was placed just under the sun parlor windows.

"That's Grandad. What d'you s'pose he wants?"

"Well you won't find out 'less you go and see."

"He called you, too, Don Jackson."

"Oh, I'll go. Quit'cha talkin'."

In a few minutes they entered the sun parlor where there was an old man with a kind face, twinkling blue eyes, and very white hair. His feet were stretched out on a hassock; but when the children came in, he removed his feet, pulled the hassock closer, and motioned Betty to sit on it.

"Don, you can sit right here on the arm of my chair," he said. When they were seated comfortably he began, "Do you children want to hear a story? An interesting incident of my boyhood?" he asked.

"Is it all 'bout burglars an' pirates?"

"I don't want to hear 'bout burglars, I want to hear 'bout the time when you proposed to Gran'ma."

"Well this is neither. This is something that I very seldom tell," he added confidentially. "It is about my sister Betty whom you are named after," he said to Betty. "When I was about as old as you, Don, I was about the same in all ways. I I had a nice disposition just like you," he said in a tone that made Don squirm uncomfortably and Betty blush to the roots of her hair. "Something happened though," he continued, "that made me the sorriest boy alive." For a moment Grandpa seemed lost in memories. "I was about fifteen or sixteen years old, just the age when brothers don't want sisters tagging around after them. I wasn't any different from the rest. Betty was fourteen. She was pretty, too. Her hair was short and curly, just like yours," he said pointing to Betty's tumbled mop of curls. "She had scarlet fever and her mother

had it cut off. She never let it grow long again, and it looked good short. It was the prettiest golden, and her eyes were dark brown. That was the only way she differed from you, Betty. You have blue eyes and hers were brown. Well, anyway, one cold afternoon just after school, we thought, all of us fellows, that we'd go skating. The pond was safe, and mother gave her consent. I had been skating for a half hour when I saw Betty. She skated up, her eyes sparkling,—her cheeks glowing, and said, 'Jack, Mother let me come over for a while and she wants you to take me home when you go. I'll skate around with the girls,' she added.

" 'Of course I couldn't come skating with the fellows without having you tagging along after me,' I said. 'You watch me and when I go you come along,' and I skated off. Soon I was in with the crowd and had forgotten all about Betty. At twilight we all started home. We were hungry and that made us go all the faster. When I got half way home, I remembered Betty. 'Oh, Gee!' I said disgustedly. 'Sisters make me tired.' I never thought that sisters sometimes tire of teasing brothers. 'P'ra'ps she's home by this time,' I thought trying to comfort myself.

"I arrived within a few feet of the door and decided to go back for her, when the door opened and my mother called, 'Is that you, Jack?'

" 'Yes,' I said.

" 'Where's Betty?' she asked quickly when I came within sight.

" 'She's down at the pond, I suppose. I saw her down there a little while ago,' I said trying to affect carelessness.

" 'John, did you leave your sister at the pond alone?' said mother, sternly.

" 'Er-er yes. I-I'll go right down and get her,' said I, now thoroughly frightened. I dropped my skates and started as quickly as possible for the pond. 'What if she went down the dangerous end and fell in,' I thought, and doubled my pace.

"At last I arrived at the pond and caught a glimpse of her skating with a few girls. The pond was almost deserted. They were having a last race before leaving for home, and Betty was far ahead of the rest. Straight down the pond she flew, her cap tumbled to one side and her scarf flying out behind her. Straight to the dangerous end she went—a red flash against a white background.

" 'Betty! Betty! ! Come back. The ice is thin!'

"She tried in vain to stop herself, but she was going too fast. She screamed, threw up her hands and disappeared in the water. I ran along the bank, fear lending speed to my feet. I saw the girls rush down to her. The spot was just off shore and there was no danger of drowning, but the weather was zero, and if she did not get pneumonia it would be a miracle. When I reached there, she was stretched out on the ground, and one of the girls had gone for her father. It did not take

long to get Betty home and wrapped in blankets. The shock was so great to her that she had not regained consciousness. I was sent for a doctor, and you can imagine how I felt. By morning, Betty had a high fever, and a bad cold, but the doctor said there was no danger of pneumonia. A great load slipped off my mind, and I hurried away to thank God for his kindness.

"A little later when I saw Betty, she said, 'It wasn't your fault, Jack. I took the chance on a dare.' But I knew that if I had taken her home when I went first, there would have been no accident. That taught me a lesson. It was a hard jolt. Now when I hear you two with your squabbling among yourselves I always think of my hard lesson. There's your mother calling you," said Grandpa, "so you can go and think over what I have told you."

An hour later, Grandpa looking out of the window, chuckled softly at what he saw,—Betty sitting comfortably in the hammock and Don whittling at her feet.

RUTH LAVANGE '27

A MODERN MESSAGE TO GARCIA

Into the long combers drove the powerful seasled. On board there were the captain, his engineer, and a passenger. Ordinarily there was a crew of four, but when there are only two men available and two hundred and fifty miles to cover before morning, what is one going to do?

That the passenger was a government official, the captain knew because of his acquaintance with government ways. The passenger had given the captain a singular order — just: "Straight to sea until you sight the Olympic." The Olympic was the boat about which there had been so much discussion during the last two days. In fact, ever since war had been declared two weeks before, there had been a rush of all Americans in Europe to get home. What the passenger wished with the Olympic was more than the sea captain could see; but he followed the passenger's directions and went straight to sea at a sixty-mile clip. Straight into the wind and sea the boat went, sometimes almost flying, sometimes almost submerged, but always going to sea.

The passenger turned and shouted in the captain's ear, "When do we sight her?"

"She should be in sight now," the captain replied in a bellow.

They both strained their eyes into the darkness for several minutes; then suddenly the passenger dashed to the door, taking with him a little, black bag. He opened this before gaining the deck, and took out several long tubes about fifteen inches long and half an inch in diameter. Each was of a different color. Taking a red one from the bag, he lighted it and dashed from the cabin onto the deck. The flame lighted up the water for many feet around. Soon from the liner's deck came a twin ray of red light.

The passenger then lighted two others, and sticking one of them on the deck, proceeded to signal, navy style, with a different code. After doing this for several minutes, he stopped, and again came the twin red glare from the liner's deck. Then the passenger turned and said, "Home," and went below.

When they got to the docks, the passenger said, "Here is a little reward for you. You will know in the morning what you have done," and hurried off. Opening his hand, the captain found a hundred-dollar bill, and the money which they had agreed on for the expense of the trip.

In the morning the headlines of the papers were: "President Notified of the Breaking up of Plot to Kill Him by a Modern Messenger to Garcia."

STURGIS EVANS '27

MINOT'S LIGHT

Balmy are the summer days,
Sparkling are the dancing waves,
Cloudless are the sunny skies,
With the sea gulls flying by.
Still the tall form guards the sea,
Minot's flashing,—one, four, three.

Loud may the thunder crash,
Bright may the lightning flash.
Cold may the north wind blow,
Blinding is the ice and snow.
But still the watchful sailors see,
Minot's flashing,—one, four, three.

ANNA HEALY '28

CAPTIVES

Daffy-down-dilly and Crocus bold,
Have come to the market place.
She wears a beautiful yellow gown
All frills, and ruffles, and lace.

Silver his vest, and his purple coat
Is broidered in richest gold,
A king and a queen of springtime land
Captured, and bound and sold.

Captured and bound a-lack-a-day,
Of their magic, pray beware,
Oh, buyers in the market place,
They charm, enchant, and snare.

And never again shall ye be free,
The memories of these twain,
The royal folk, of springtime land
Shall haunt, and hold, and chain.

HAZEL EATON '26

OF STERLING WORTH

Rexy was all that dog should not be. He was one of the class commonly referred to as "mongrel"; even his devoted little master did not know Rexy's parentage. For Rexy had appeared one hot, summer day, breathless and hot, with a frayed rope about his neck.

Seeking shelter in the cove vines that grew by the well-house, he had abjectly crawled in and stayed there. Jimmie, youngest member of Gov. Burton's family, seeing the dog crawl under the vines, had given a glad whoop and followed suit. Dogs were Jimmie's special protegés, but the last canine member of the household had died of old-age and had left behind a sorrowing master. Therefore Jimmie welcomed the sight of the stray cur as a possible applicant for the dead dog's place.

Dog and boy united, it did not take long to establish a firm friendship. Members of the household protested, but Jimmie was finally allowed to keep Rexy.

At night Rexy often appeared restless, pacing the hall with a soft pit-a-pat. Occasionally he would lie down outside his small master's door, but usually he could be found patrolling the house, sniffing at every door and window. This seemed a very queer habit, and some of the servants declared the dog was "possessed of spirit power."

However, Rexy proved to be a true pal and playmate for Jimmie. He was so loyal that he even took his bath without whimpering or wriggling if he knew that Jimmie was taking his at the same time. He accompanied Jimmie on fishing tours and on tramps, always finding diversions in chipmunks and squirrels.

One day, after a particularly long tramp, Rexy and Jimmie arrived home just before dusk. Both dog and boy turned in at an early hour and soon were fast asleep. Contrary to custom, Rexy did not start his nocturnal pacing, but slept the sleep of the weary.

Twelve o'clock came, then two o'clock, and suddenly a black shadow loomed against a long French window. Stealthily a pane of glass was broken with a padded object. The next instant there was a click, and the window slowly opened, admitting a crouching figure.

Rexy stirred uneasily and sleepily opened one eye. Was it possible he had heard a strange noise? He scanned the long corridor, but noticed nothing amiss. Suddenly he stiffened. He *certainly had* seen something move. With a rush he cleared the length of the hall.

There was a scuffle and a loud report. Bedlam reigned in the household. Maids, women and children clad in night clothes, streamed into the capacious corridor to find a man vainly struggling to release himself from the grip of the jaws of a dying dog.

The butler and the serving boy took charge of the man, instantly recognizing him as a notorious criminal, who had recently escaped from the state prison. Jimmie, however, was concerned chiefly with his pet, whose shaggy body was slowly stiffening, and from whose shoulder blood welled in an ugly bullet wound.

Rexy, mongrel and scamp that he was, had proven his worth.

M. COLE

SPRING

Spring is a season for flowers, lovers, birds, and happiness. But it is not a season for students. Any real, live student suffers more during April, May, and June than in all the other months. The fresh out-of-door atmosphere, coming in through the window, coils itself around the poor "would-be-studious," and he is a prisoner. Perhaps he makes an effort for a while, but in the end he finds there is no hope.

Picture any boy with the hated Cæsar before him, a twenty-five line assignment, half a period; and spring out-of-doors, spring in the school-room, spring in the air, spring everywhere. His train of thought is something of this order:

"Well, I suppose it would be just as well to get this Latin done and over with. Let's see how much we had to do. Twenty-five lines! Say, that is a joke! Does she really expect us to do them? That is a good one. But I might as well do a few lines just so's I can say that I've done my Latin. Let's see,—'impedimenta,'—the baggage, the baggage was left in 'castra.' Camp, that's it. 'Castra,'—camp. By the way, wonder if Ed will go camping soon. I had a peach of a trip last year. We really had a great time only the fishing was bum, the water was freezing most of the time, and the tent wouldn't stay up. Still it was a corking trip even if it rained all the time and that cow ate most of our food. That *was* funny when Jim tipped the canoe over. It would of been funnier if he hadn't been wearing my flannels at the time. Still that was a good joke. Must ask Ed if he'll go next week. Now, where was I? 'The baggage was left in the camp with Cæsar's foot'—. That's sure sensible. I don't see how it goes anyway. It's a crime to make anyone study in this weather. Spring sure is great. I might be able to do something if that freshman would stop shuffiling his pedal extremities."

,"Well, 'the baggage'—. My, it's hot in here. Great day to be out; tough to have to stay in. What was I doing? Oh, sure. Anyway, 'Cæsar's foot, the baggage was left with Cæsar's foot'—. That's sort of queer. Say, Jack, what does 'equites' mean? Oh, yes, footsoldiers. I knew it was something about a foot."

"Say, Bill, are you going to baseball practice to-night?

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Well, I'm not. I'm going to show that coach where he gets off. Said my pitching wasn't in it like Mike Murphy's. Why, the team's lost without me! Mike Murphy's all right, you understand, only,—well, that coach is cracked. Will you lend me that glove to-night? I want to work with Jimmy Blake. He sure is bum but wait 'till I get through with him. I'll make a catcher of him yet. He's got the stuff only nobody sees it, that's all. But I'll show that coach.

"Now for that Latin again. 'The baggage,'—oh, I've done all that. Well, I'm getting along. 'Cæsar's footsoldiers'—. Gosh, there goes the bell. And I've only done half a sentence."

And the Latin teacher listens to the eloquent speech of the boy who was so very sick last night that he couldn't do a bit of Latin. Oh yes, he is very well now, thank you, but he was so sick last night. And the teacher usually understands that his sickness is a spring ailment which all youth and nearly all age suffers from when the crocus begin to bloom and the gay birds appear from the South.

RAY ELLIS '26

SCHOOL NOTES

A Home Beautiful Exposition was held at the Annex of the High School on May 14 from two to six o'clock. There was a demonstration of electrical and labor-saving devices for the home, and an exhibit from R. H. White's store.

Five dollars was received recently from the Scituate Woman's Club for the purchasing of new books for our library.

The High School Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Bradford, recently played at the anniversary celebration of the G. A. R. veterans.

Priscilla Cole and Gertrude Wherity were awarded medals offered by the society for the Prevention of Cruelty Animals.

A representative of the Massachusetts Society for the Preservation of our Wild Flowers, Miss McGinnis, gave an illustrated lecture in the Assembly Hall on "Wildflowers" and especially on the need of protection for those in danger of extermination.

We were very fortunate this term in having Representative Gifford give us a talk on the "Constitution of the United States." Mr. Creelman, a citizen of the town, also talked to us very interestingly on "Good Citizenship."

The Scituate Woman's Club invited the pupils of the High

School and the grammar schools to attend an illustrated lecture on "Birds" by a well-known ornithologist. He imitated the calls of various birds by whistling and on his violin. This lecture was very instructive as well as interesting.

Mrs. Clark from the Royal Typewriter Company, gave a test to the Senior Commercial Class. Priscilla Fish, Marion Damon, and Eulaila Pinkham received over ninety per cent.

John Ford, Mae Ford, Marion Damon, Eulaila Pinkham, and Velma Litchfield have passed tests admitting them into the membership of the Accuracy Club of the Royal Typewriter Company.

DRAMATICS

The second project to be given by the combined Glee Clubs is an operetta entitled "The Bells of Beaujolais." The libretto is by David Stevens and the music score by Louis Adolphe Cœrne. The Glee Clubs have given over most of their time to this undertaking; and under the supervision of Miss Bradford, instructor of music, they are making rapid strides towards success. The costumes are being made by Miss Barrows and her classes. Mrs. Ward and the art classes are working on the scenery and also the posters which are to advertise the show. It will be an entertainment that you cannot afford to miss. In addition to a snappy plot and good music, the show is full of solo dances and choral dances. It will not lag for one minute. To be assured of an evening of first class entertainment, see "The Bells of Beaujolais" June 5.

The senior play, "Be An Optimist," was given May 1 at the Scituate Woman's Club. This play was a dramatic as well as a financial success. The actors played their parts to perfection, and the plot was very interesting. Much credit is due the seniors for putting on such a good entertainment.

ROSE HERNAN,
Dramatic Editor

A miss is not always as good as a mile.

BASEBALL

As the baseball season came rolling along, Scituate wondered how the School could win more games this year. Two men were lost last year by graduation. The opening of the season was delayed by bad weather, but the fellows went to work in earnest as soon as the weather permitted.

With the consent of Mr. Martin, Herb. Crowley was obtained as coach of the infield and of the pitchers, Mr. Sommerman taking care of the outer gardens. Mr. Crowley has spent a lot of work on the hitting of the team, as he believes that it is hitting that wins ball games.

The team this year has three new faces in the infield; Morris is on first, and it's a toss-up between Appleton and Whittaker at the keystone sack. Appleton is the best hitter, while Whittaker is the best fielder. We find at the hot corner Hyland, who has been shifted over from second where he played last year. He is a good fielder and one of the team's best hitters.

At short is McCarthy, the best ball-player in any school on the South Shore and the leading hitter of the team. Last year he led the team in hitting and fielding, and stolen bases.

In the outfield, Prouty is making a strong bid; he is a good fielder and a fair hitter. Dwyer, another fielder, is going strong. He is fast on bases, and a good fielder, but weak with the willow. In center field will be found Rice, the all-

round man; he can play every position and play it well. He is the team's hardest hitter.

Driscoll is in right field; he is a good man both in the field and at the plate, but slow on the bases. Most of the pitching is done by Wherity, last year's twirler. This year he has taken on more weight which should help him very much. He has a world of speed and curves, but has a tendency to be wild.

Curran, the veteran player, will do most of the work behind the plate. He can be depended upon to deliver a winning punch at a critical moment.

A FAN '26

BASKET-BALL NOTES

On March 12 the Scituate girls played the Norwell girls in a basket-ball game at Norwell. The Scituate girls were defeated by a score of 18–14.

The second game was played with Duxbury at Scituate, Scituate winning by a score of 41-38.

The return game with Norwell, played at Scituate was an easy victory for the Scituate girls. The score was 61-13.

The game with Marshfield was also an easy one. Scituate won by a score of 32-10.

The hardest game of the season was played at Duxbury. This was a well-played game by both teams and after a hard struggle, was won by Scituate, the score being 38-34.

The letters "S. H. S." are to be awarded to those girls who participated in games of the past season.

CATHERINE MURPHY,
Athletic Editor

GIRLS' BASEBALL NOTES

The baseball team for the coming season is not much different from the team of '24.

Hazel Eaton has been elected manager and Ruth Bean, assistant manager.

The manager has arranged the following schedule:

May 13 Duxbury at Scituate
May 21 Hingham at Hingham
May 28 Norwell at Scituate
June 3 Marshfield at Scituate
June 11 Duxbury at Duxbury
June 18 Hingham at Scituate
June 23 Marshfield at Marshfield

CATHERINE MURPHY,
Athletic Editor

Ham Actor. (With feeling): "Will you miss me?"
Voice from back of hall: "Give me a gun and I'll try not to."

* * *

Lecturer: "I have sold over one thousand cases of this tonic and never had one complaint. What does this prove?"
W. Jenkins: "Dead men tell no lies."

* * *

Wallace Torrey: "What cemetery is this we're driving by?"
Ray Litchfield: "Cemetery nothin'. Those are milestones."

* * *

1st Baseman: "I hear Jack is married and has twins."
Pitcher: "Huh! Got a bawl team of his own."

* * *

Katrine Schuyler: "I envy Alice when she laughs."
Lauretta Wolfe: "Why?"
Katrine Schuyler: "There seems to be so much of her having a good time."

* * *

Dot Hammond: "Glea Cole has a very bad habit. She turns around and looks back every time we pass in the street."
Ben Curran: "How do you know?"

* * *

Lauretta Wolfe: "Is Wallace really a lowbrow?"
John Stanley: "Is he? Why he thinks dressing for dinner is tucking a napkin around his neck."

* * *

C. Lane: "What is so interesting in that cook book?"
H. Webb: "Oh, there's so many stirring events."

* * *

L. Morris (enthusiastically): "You look sweet enough to eat."
E. Cole (hintingly): "I could if I had the chance."

* * *

Teacher (in geography class): "Can anyone tell me where Pittsburg is?"
Freshman: "Please ma'am, they're playing in Chicago."

* * *

E. Hyland: "I was on pleasure bent."
P. Chase: "And then?"
E. Hyland: "And then before I knew it was broke."

* * *

Mary had a teddy bear
She put it on the shelf
And every time he wagged his tail
He spanked his little self.

* * *

A Vinal: "Is that toothbrush sanitary?"
J. Davy: "Must be, everybody used it."

* * *

Wallace Torrey made up a song out of his own head the other day. He called it, "The Old Wooden Rocker," and he had wood enough left to make a table.

* * *

Hubby: "I'm going to the ball game this afternoon. I'm anxious to see the new player."
Wife: "It won't do you a bit of good to go. I saw by the papers that he died trying to steal 3rd."

* * *

A Baseball nine is called a team, but what the team calls the umpire wouldn't look well in print.

* * *

"Frye: "What would you do if your girl's other suitor happened to be a doctor?"
L. Morris: "Eat an apple a day."

Motorist: "Take this road to Hingham?"
Merritt: "No, they got one there."

* * *

Vinal: "What time are you going to the party?"
Davy: "After the dinner."
Vinal: "Oh, you'll go after the dinner all right."

* * *

Sam was hired to work in a small grocery store. He was told that he was to be there at eight o'clock every morning. The first morning he came at 8:15. The second at 8:30. This kept up for a week. Finally his boss said to him, "Sam, what's the matter, I said for you to be here at eight o'clock and you are always late. Why don't you set an alarm clock?"

"Why, I do," replied Sam, "only I don't hear the old thing unless I am awake."

* * *

Pat was serving as a witness on a murder trial.
"What's your name?" asked the judge.
"Patrick Kelley, Your Honor."
"Did you see the fatal shot fired?"
"No, Your Honor, but I heard it."
"That is not satisfactory evidence. You may go."

Pat turned on his heel and when his back was turned toward the judge, he laughed very loudly.

Patrick Kelley," thundered the judge, "don't you know it's against the rules of this court to laugh aloud like that?"

Pat turned and asked, "Did you see me laugh, Your Honor?"
"No, but I heard you."
"That is not satisfactory evidence, Your Honor."

* * *

Haartz: "Why can't we send any more letters to Washington?"
Morris: "I give up."
Haartz: "Because he is dead."

* * *

Hyland: "How do you get down from an elephant?"
Panetta: "Crawl down."
Hyland: "You can't get down from an elephant; you get down from a goose."

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